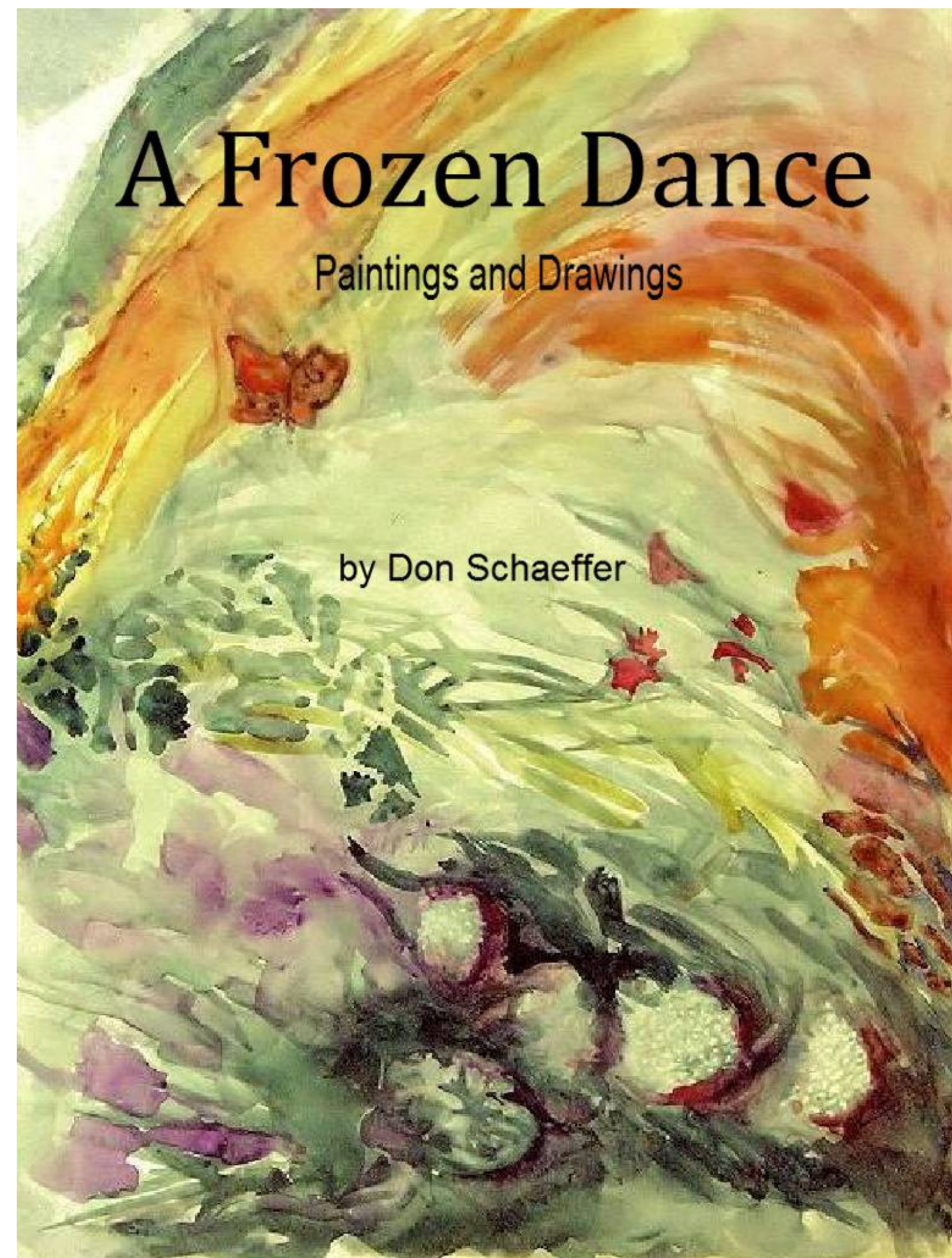


A Frozen Dance

Paintings and Drawings

by Don Schaeffer



Usually I base my drawings and paintings on photographs, but my hands always do something different from the photos. The world is full of feelings. It's like frozen dance. My hand brings that out when the photos almost always miss it.

I owe everything to my high school art teacher, the late Allen Evry and his late wife, Anne, the photographer.

Most of these works depict my home on the north coast of Long Island. It's a paradise of trees, beaches and boats of all types.



Centerport Beach



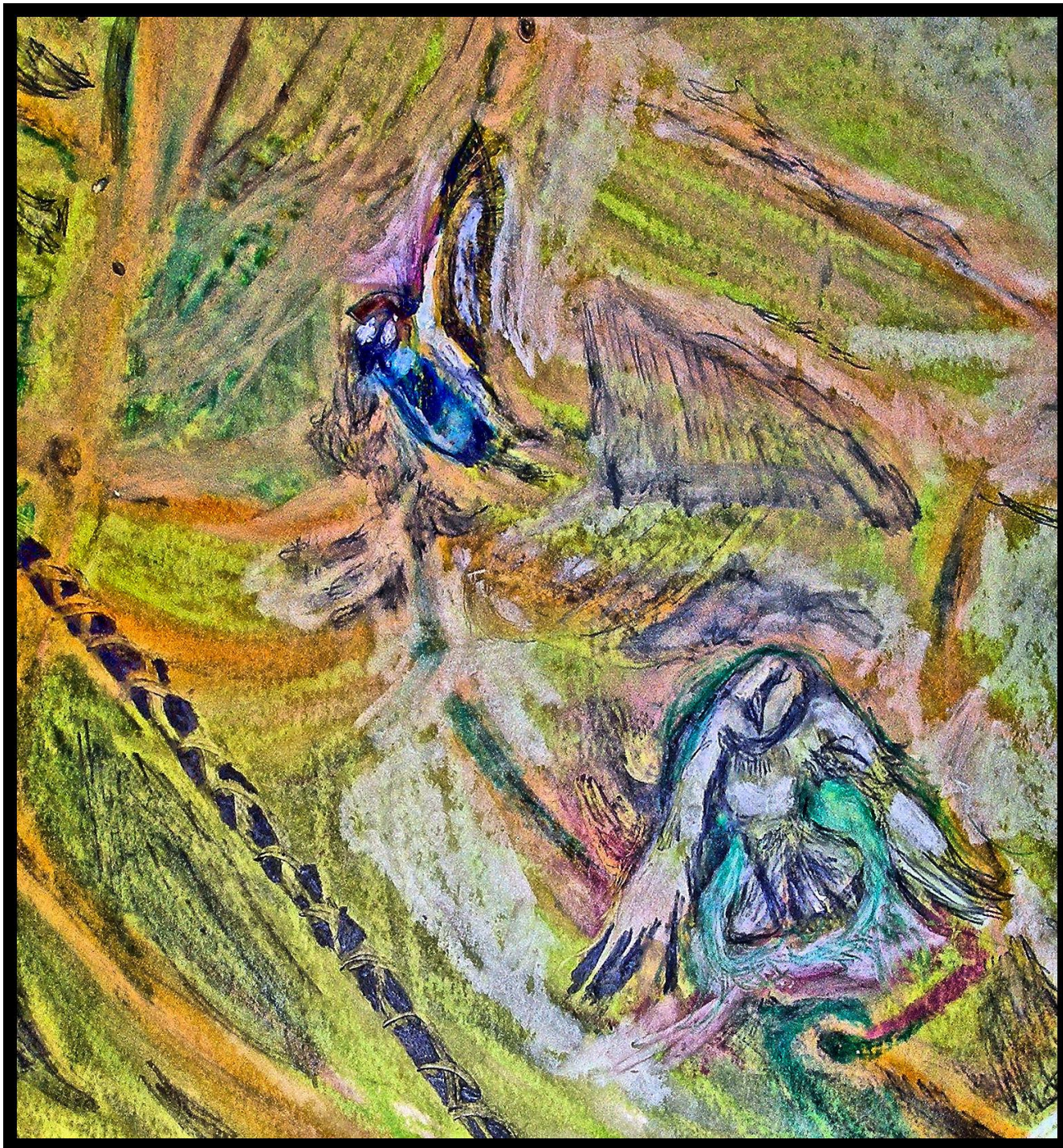
Two Squirrels Emerging from Hollow Tree



Celebrating the Birth of Samantha



Samantha and Her Mother



Birds among Trees



Top of the Hill



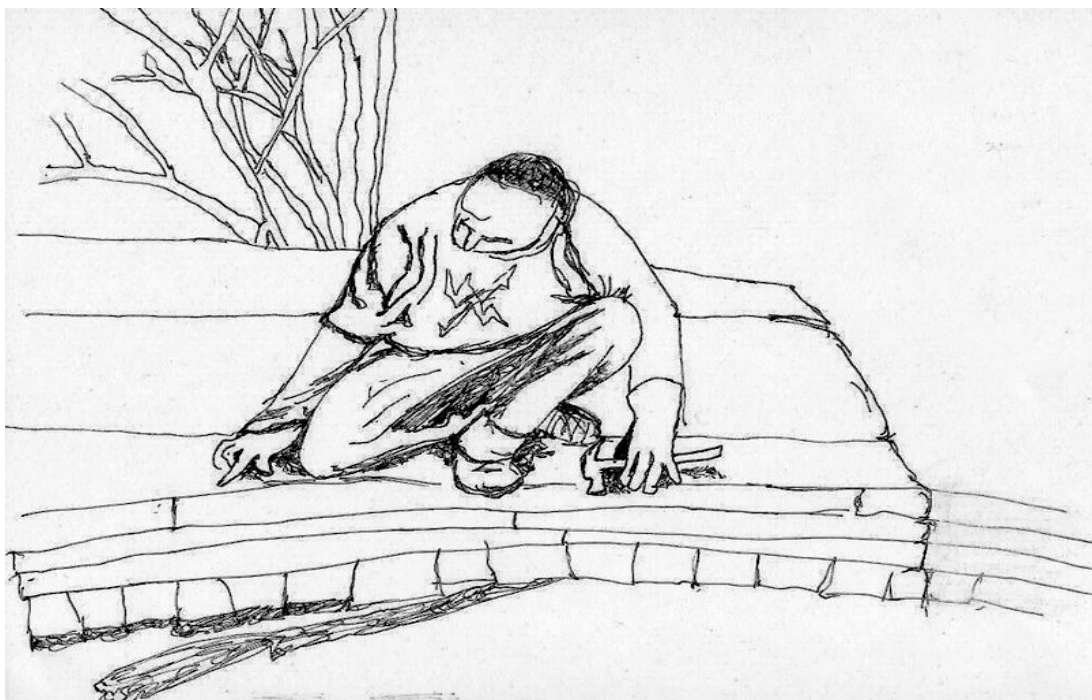
She screams
because she needs
proving
that she is.

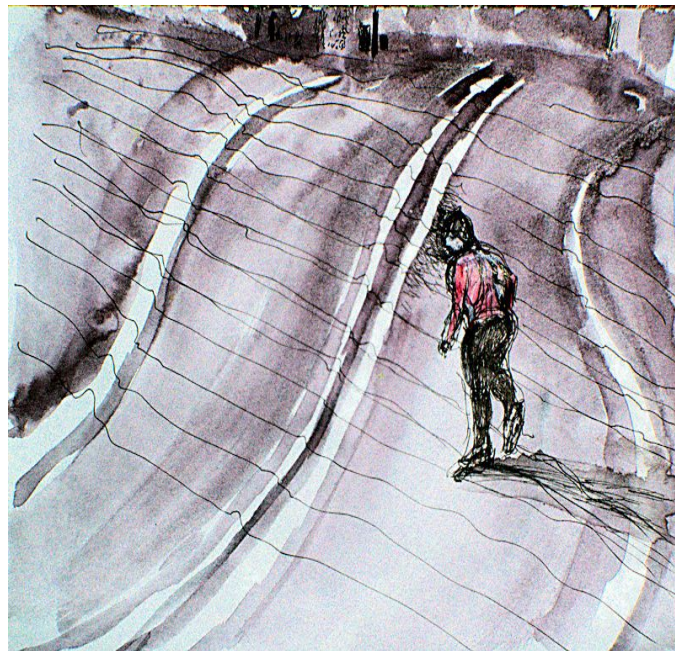
Her laugh grows
out of her cry
like an errant
branch that
should have been
pruned. I see
edges of it
rising from the
mass of tears.

Her face, contorted
with the being of want
stops. And lumps
of articulation grow.
At first, her sounds
blossom
out of a knot of solos,
consonants with cries
between
instead of vowels.
But it takes
leisure, a free breath
to practice
speech.

FACE PROPHET AT THREE MONTHS
msk/1.08







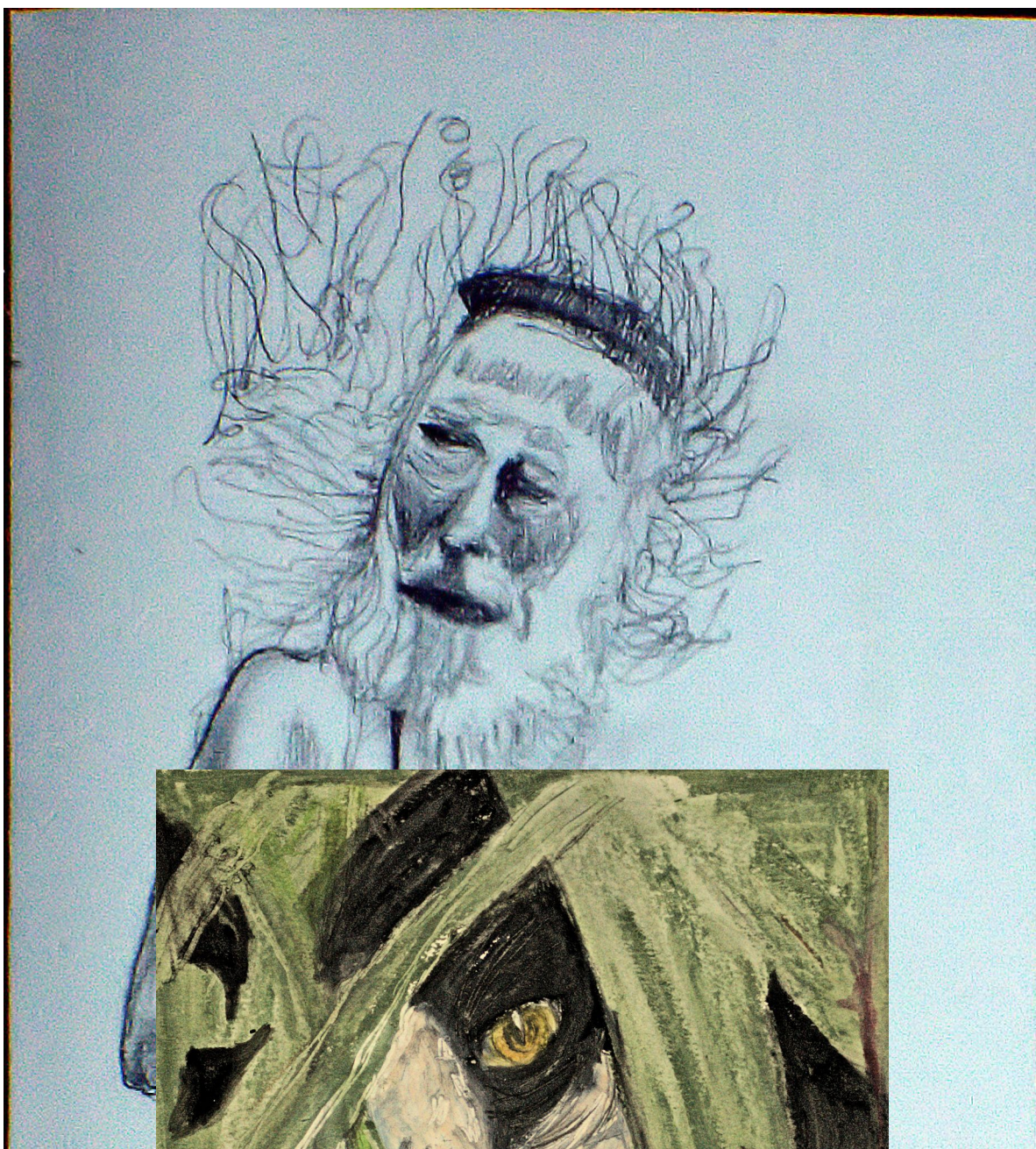






Hannah saying Yeah





Georgie Hiding in the Bushes



False Creek Bay



Path to the Beach



*I NOTICED THAT
MOST OF MY POEMS ARE ABOUT
DEATH. AND I'M A HAPPY MAN.*





From Steve's cell phone pic of
Alex the Pallet

Denschoff 8.10







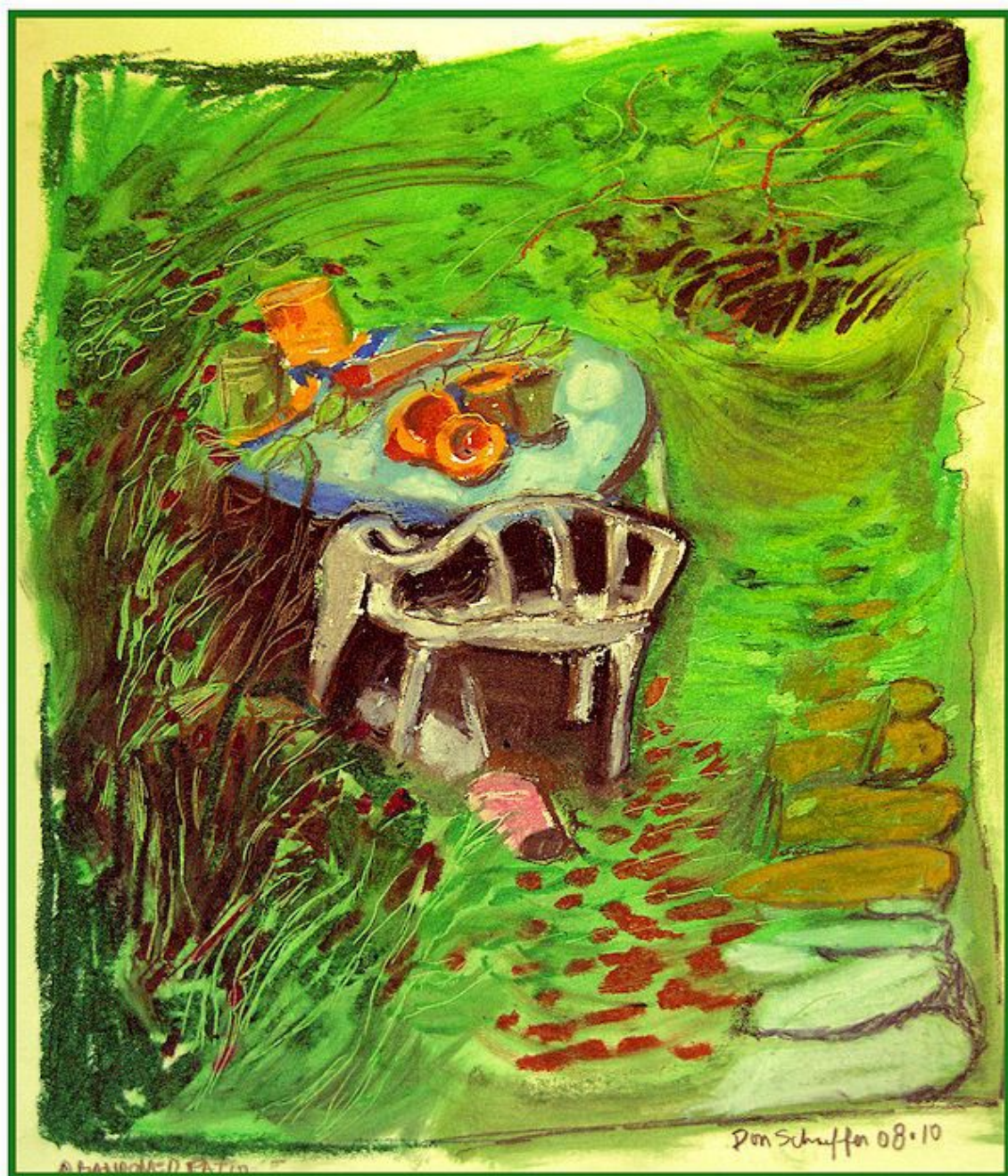
Path to Coindre Hall













Veterans Memorial at the Historic Burial Ground











Northport Sunset





View from Vanderbilt Mansion

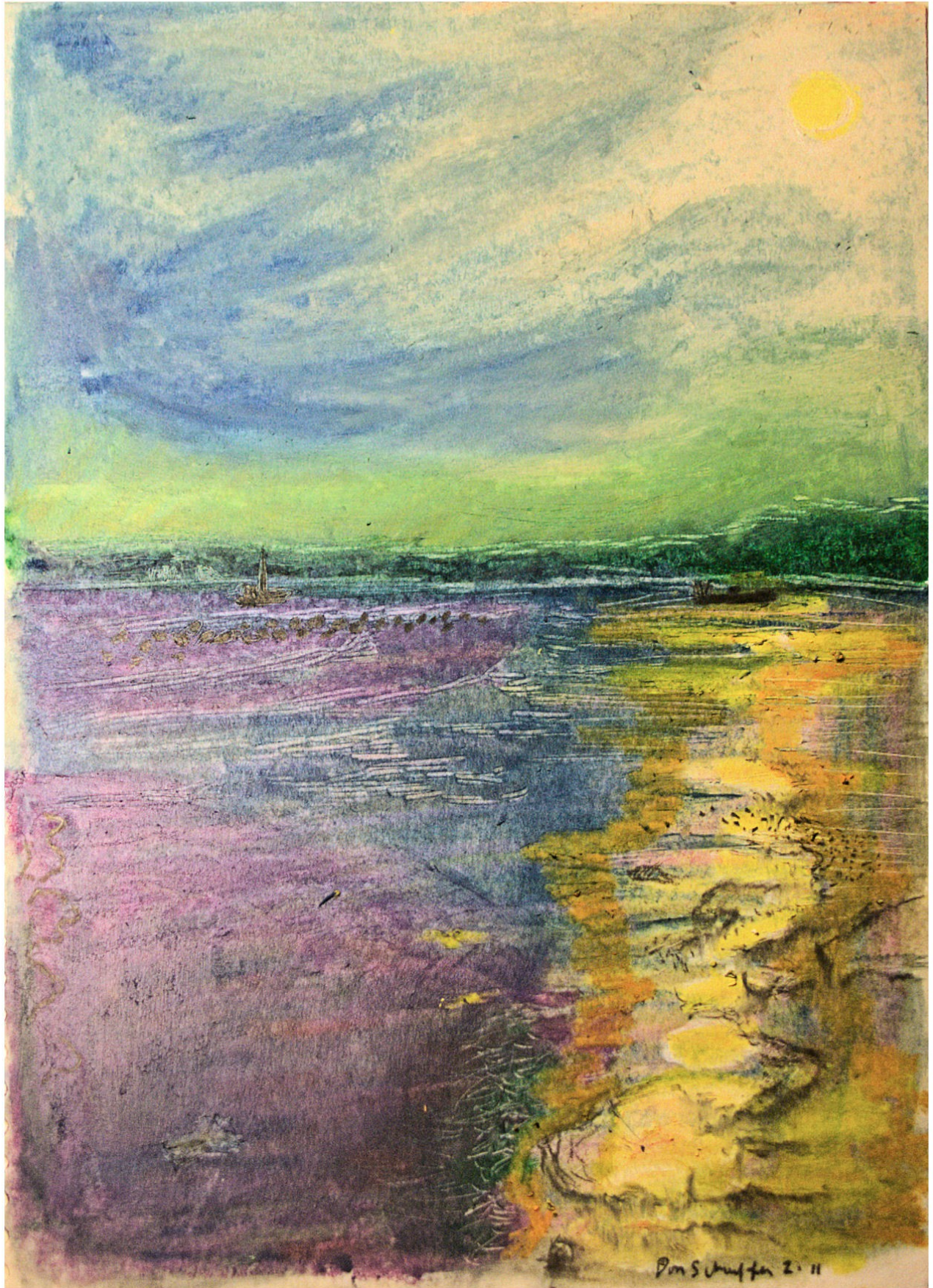


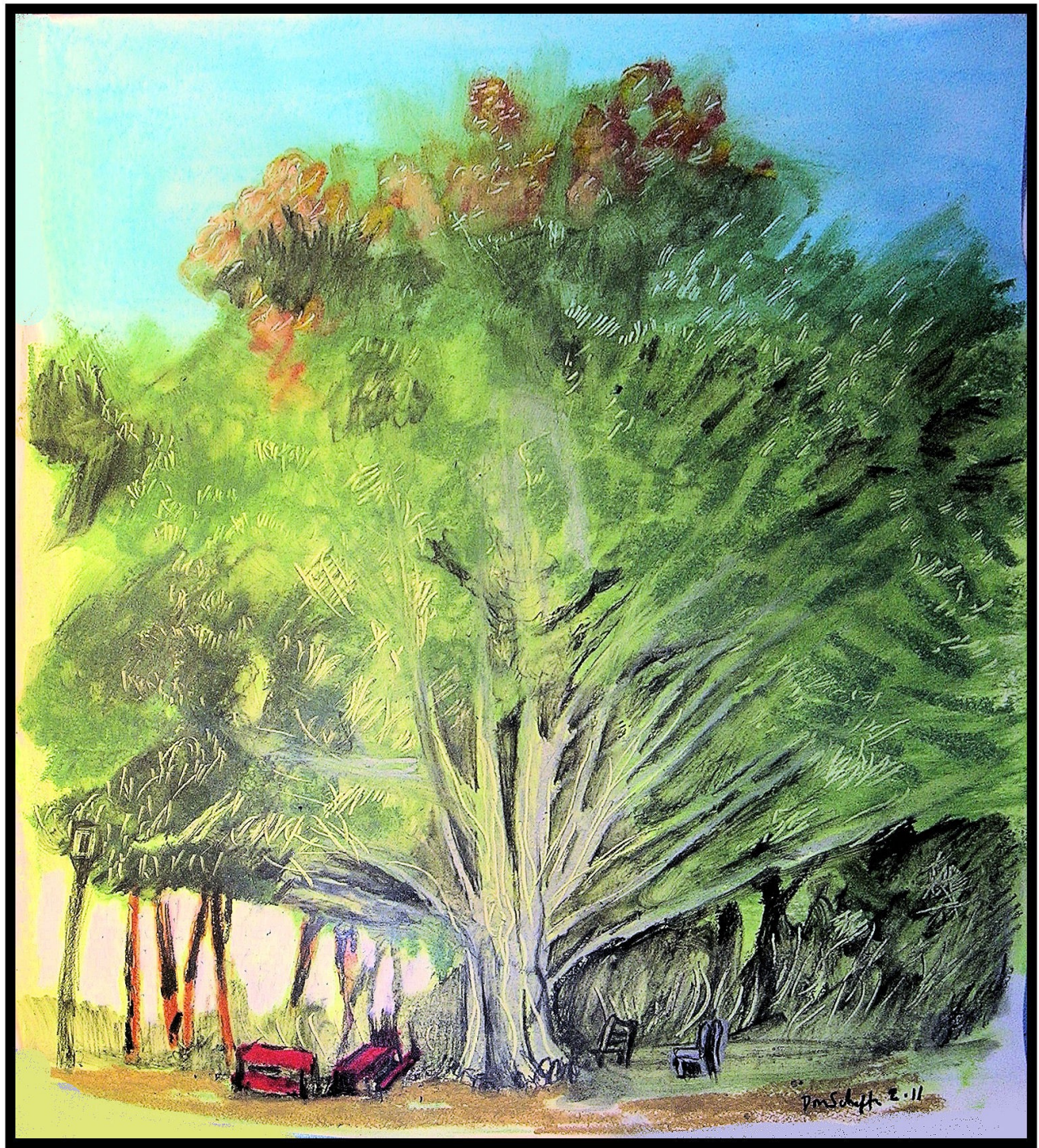




Coindre Hall Park















Creek at Hecksher Park



Hannah in the Library



The Bird Bath

